

SWIFT CHAMP, Editor and Owner.

Printed Every Tuesday and Friday.

Established February 1, 1881.

TWENTY-THIRD YEAR.

PARIS, BOURBON COUNTY, KENTUCKY, TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 17, 1903



Frank & Co.,

404 Main St., Paris, Ky.

"No How Cheap, but How Good an Article We Can Give You At the Price," Is Our Motto.



Ladies' Muslin Underwear.

Skirts made of fine Cambric, trimmed with Insertions and Edgings to match, in Hamburgs and Laces, each, \$7.50, \$5, \$3.50. A nice, plain Skirt with Hamburg Flounce, \$1.00

Corset Covers.

Dainty Trimmed, with fine Imitation Val Laces and made of Fine Nainsooks at, \$2.50, \$3.00 \$1.50 nice, plain Cambric Corset Cover, at, 25c

Gowns.

The very best Cambrics and Nainsooks, trimmed with beautiful Laces and Hamburgs in high neck, and also low neck and short sleeves for Summer. The prices range from, \$5.00 to \$1.00

A good, plain Cambric Gown, with Hem-stitched Yoke and full width and length, at, 50c

Chemise and Drawers.

A large variety of styles in Chemise and Drawers, in all qualities and prices.

Wash Goods.

Our Waistings in Wash Materials are well worthy of special mention. Any kind and any color are to be found in our stock, at \$1, 75c, 50c, 25c a yard.



Our Buyers are now in the Markets making their Spring selections. New and dainty novelties being daily received.

FRANK & CO.,
Paris, Ky.,
404 Main Street. Phone 175.



INSPECTION INVITED.

All Kinds and qualities of Nainsooks, Cambrics, Long O'loths, Masilas Cottons, Etc., for Children's Dress and Ladies' and Children's Underwear.

A new lot of Real and Imitation Val Laces just received. The patterns are new and dainty, and the prices are right. A few new and gorgeous patterns in Ercu Medallions and bands for dress trimmings.

For Ladies' and Children's Dresses and Underwear.

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THE BOURBON NEWS

SWIFT CHAMP, Publisher.
PARIS, KENTUCKY.

HOMESICK.

I was born in Indiana—an' I'm prinnin' to git back. From these prairie-winds 'at blow, an' snari, an' moan around my shack; From this empty, endless wideness, stretchin' fur as ye can see, An' my heart's a purt' nigh breakin' fer the sight o' jest one tree.

I was raised in Indiana—an' I'm wishin' I was back. Where the shiftn', shinin', Wabash cuts its twistin', traillin' track. Plowin' through the rustlin' corn-fields, loatin' under hangin' boughs, Where they's pools to hide the fishes, an' they's shade to cool the cows.

My old home in Indiana—an' I'm heart-sick to git back! Them cricks an' woods has got a tongue these lonesome prairies lack; For they's nothin' here but silence—cept the never-endin' cry O' the winds, 'at moan an' mourn onth' ye think y'll shorely die.

An' ye hain't no wish fer livin', an' the dearest thing we crave Is to die hev it over—ef they'll only make yer grave. Back there in Indiana where the Wabash twists and turns, Where the sun hees trees to shine on, an' the autumn color burns;

Where the sycamore's crooked branches show the way the river goes, An' cross the yallerin' corn-fields ye kin hear the cry o' crows; While the leaves is drappin' softy—Natur' tears for days 'at's dead— An' mongst the hick'ry's tremblin' boughs the squirrel perches his head;

Where the oak an' maple colors make the woods a kind o' hint O' the land yer lookin' fer at last, an' seem to ketch a glint O' the glory streamin' downards through a break in Heaven's wall An' in the whisp'r'n silences ye hear the angels call!

Indiana's purt' night Heaven! An' I'm wishin' I was home. If they's them 'at's 'at thinkin' dif'rent, they've got license fer to roam; But Heaven an' Indiana is the jest two things I lack. I'm a good ways off from both of 'em—an' prayin' to git back!

—Ezra B. Newcomb, in Woman's Home Companion.

The KIDNAPPED MILLIONAIRES

A Tale of Wall Street
and the Tropics

By FREDERICK U. ADAMS

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CHAPTER VIII.—CONTINUED.

"This is a new game of cards, Miss Carmody," said Chalmers, glancing at his lovely companion. "The one who finds the right name wins."

"I win!" said Miss Helen, her eyes flashing with excitement. "Here it is!"

She passed a neatly engraved card to Mr. Chalmers. That gentleman took it and read:

L. SYLVESTER VINCENT.

Inventor, Mechanical Expert and Promoter.

CHICAGO.

"Here is another one," said Miss Carmody. They looked at all the cards and found four with the name of L. Sylvester Vincent. She sent for Smith.

"Do you remember the gentleman who presented these cards?" she asked.

Smith looked at the cards a moment and said: "I remember 'im very well, Miss 'Elen. The first time 'e came 'e walked right in and 'ung up 'is 'at before I could stop 'im. 'E said 'e'd had an appointment with Mr. Carmody. I told 'im Mr. Carmody was not at 'ome. 'E said 'e' would wait. I told 'im that Mr. Carmody saw no one on business at his residence. 'E said 'e knew that, but 'e'ad to sail for Luson the next day and must see Mr. Carmody that night. Finally 'e went away."

"Very well, Smith, that is all," said Miss Carmody. She looked at Mr. Chalmers with an expression half of interrogation and half of confidence in his ability to solve the riddle. The chatter of Miss Le Roy sounded musical as it came through the drawn portieres. Two newsboys were "working the street" with a late edition. In the distance their cries sounded like the "honking" of wild geese.

"It is remarkable that so many things should point to this man Vincent," said Mr. Chalmers. "He disappeared the same time your father did. He had been here several times the week before. And, on top of this, our man Seymour wires that Vincent is the man."

"Do you think that he is, Mr. Chalmers?" Miss Carmody looked eagerly into the eyes of the managing editor, and that gentleman was so hypnotized that he was lost at the moment for an answer.

"I—no, I do not think he is," said Mr. Chalmers. "It is probably nothing more than a coincidence."

"But your Mr. Seymour seems so sure that Vincent is at the bottom of the mystery," said Miss Carmody.

"Seymour is a good reporter, but he is too emotional at times," said Chalmers, smiling. "He is like many of our detectives who first make up their minds, and then make the facts fit to prove their theory. It is better to get the facts first, and form your theory later. Of course Seymour may have some important

news, but he did not send them in his bulletin. I have good reason for suspecting a certain person of complicity in this matter, and I have some facts which seem to fortify my suspicions, but I would not dream of making a charge against him. In a few days I shall know more."

"By the way, there is something you can do, if you will," added Chalmers.

"What is it?" Miss Carmody was much interested.

"It has but an indirect bearing on this case," said Chalmers. "Mr. Van Horne cabled me to-day to have Mr. Walter B. Hestor work on this mystery. Now, Mr. Hestor has gone to Europe with Mr. Sidney Hammond. I forgot to ask him where he would make his first landing. Hestor and Miss Le Roy are friends. Hestor said something to me concerning a dinner party he gave about a week before he went away, and if my memory serves me right, he said Miss Le Roy was present. Will you ask her about this dinner party? It is likely that Hestor may have talked over his plans with Miss Le Roy or Mr. Hammond. We wish to get into communication with Mr. Hestor at once. He is the most brilliant newspaper correspondent of the time. His assistance would be invaluable."

"I will do so before Miss Le Roy leaves to-night," said Miss Carmody.

"I am glad there is something I can do. Is it not too bad that Mr. Hestor went away just when he did?

He is so fond of big sensations that he would have delighted in this one, and would have done all in his power to solve it."

"Find out who made up the members of this dinner party and I will call you up to-morrow and you can tell me," said Mr. Chalmers. "The Reception is to be congratulated on so charming an addition to its editorial staff."

"My assignment is an easy one," said Miss Helen, as Chalmers was about to go. "Must you go so soon, Mr. Chalmers? Won't you stay and join us in a cup of coffee?"

"I should be more than pleased to do so," said Mr. Chalmers, "but we have an important paper to-morrow, and one difficult to handle. I promised my assistants I would return at a certain hour, and I have just enough time to make the distance in."

Mr. Chalmers made his apologies to Mrs. White, Miss Le Roy and Miss De Neuville. Miss Carmody accompanied him to the door and thanked him earnestly for the interest he was taking in solving the mystery. She extended her hand at parting and shook hands, not with the cold conventional touch, but with the hearty clasp of a good friend.

"That girl is a trump," said Chalmers to himself, as he settled back in the auto and was whirled down the street. "She is a daughter to be proud of. What a wife she would make! How would it read? 'The wedding ceremony of Mr. William Chalmers, the gifted journalist, and Miss Helen Carmody, heiress to the Carmody millions, was the fitting climax to the social season. The church was thronged with—I wonder how in the devil I am going to put four big stories on the first page of to-morrow's paper?'

When Miss Carmody returned to her guests, Miss Le Roy at once monopolized the conversation.

"Isn't Mr. Chalmers handsome?" she said, clasping her hands. "I think he is perfectly lovely. Such deep brown eyes and such wavy hair. And he is so easy in his manner. Did you see how he disposed of us as if we were children who were in his way? I would resent such a thing in most men, but it comes naturally to Mr. Chalmers. I suppose he is so used to managing a lot of newspaper men that the handling of a few women is a matter of no consequence. But he is just splendid; don't you think so, Helen?"

"He certainly is," said Miss Carmody. "I can talk to him just as if he were my big brother."

"The adopted big brother is always an interesting character," said Mrs. White. "Sometimes he changes his relationship."

Miss Carmody blushed, laughed good-naturally, and changed the subject.

"By the way," she said, addressing Miss Edith Le Roy. "Mr. Chalmers informs me that Mr. Van Horne has cabled him to ask Walter Hestor to take charge of the search for the missing men. Mr. Hestor sailed for Europe before this happened. Mr. Chalmers thought that possibly he would be my big brother."

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The Working Man's Shoe

Prices Range from \$1.50 to \$2.50

Should be strong and serviceable—full of comfort, look well and sold at a moderate price. We have Shoes for working men that fill all these requirements. They will stand rough usage. They are comfortable and made by the

Best Skilled Union Labor.

We want working men who appreciate a good Shoe to give these Shoes a trial.

R. Q. THOMSON, Agent.

THE BOURBON NEWS.
(Entered at the Post-office at Paris,
Ky., as second-class mail matter.)
TELEPHONE NO. 124.

PUBLISHED EVERY TUESDAY AND FRIDAY
SWIFT CHAMP, EDITOR AND OWNER.

DEMOCRATIC TICKET.

FOR CIRCUIT JUDGE:
JAS. E. CANTRELL,
of Scott County.

FOR COMMONWEALTH'S ATTORNEY:
R. B. FRANKLIN,
of Franklin County.

FOR REPRESENTATIVE:
HON. A. S. THOMPSON.

FOR CIRCUIT CLERK:
CHARLES E. BUTLER.

ANNOUNCEMENTS.

COMMISSIONER OF AGRICULTURE.

We are authorized to announce T. T. HEDGER as a candidate for Commissioner of Agriculture, subject to the will of the Democratic Party. Primary May 9th, 1903.

The Primary Election.

The primary election held in this county on Saturday was a very quiet one in every particular, and a very small vote was polled. There were only two offices voted for, that of Representative to the Legislature and Circuit Clerk. Hon. A. S. Thompson was elected to the former office without opposition, while Chas. E. Butler defeated F. R. Armstrong in the race for Circuit Clerk. Below will be found the vote:

THOMPSON BUTLER ARMSTRONG		
Paris No 1.	95	60
" 2.	98	91
" 3.	71	68
" 4.	85	67
" 5.	70	55
" 6.	19	16
M-B.	81	65
" 2.	68	54
F-R.	110	115
" 2.	47	40
N-M-T.	115	94
" 2.	21	19
Hutch.	31	28
" 2.	30	24
Cuet.	57	77
" 2.	42	27
R-Mills	92	97
" 2.	48	44
Cint.	1.	60
" 2.	18	15
	1253	1106
		501

INDEPENDENT cigar dealers of Cincinnati will form an organization to fight the tobacco combine.

It will be in thoroughly good form for the Missourian who has invented a trap to catch fleas, to try it on the dog.

THE Italian Special Commission which has made a study of yellow fever rejects the theory that the disease is transmitted by mosquitoes.

OUR merchants look for a good trade in the Spring. Business seems to be picking up. There is no reason why our people should go out of town to buy what they want, when they can get just what they want right here at home. Patronize your home merchant.

CALL at the office of Singer Sewing Machine Company, and get prices and terms on machines.

SINGER SEWING MACHINE CO.,
W. A. Lovell, Mgr.

FOR TENDER FEET.—Dr. Reed's Cushion Sole Shoes a sure remedy—ask to see them. Thomson sole agent.

MILLERSBURG.

Mr. Geo. S. Brown and family moved to Paris last week.

Mr. John M. Bedford is home from Atlanta, Ga., on business.

About 15 feet of the mill-dam was washed out here last week.

Miss Nannie Bowden, of Paris, was a guest of relatives here Saturday.

Prof. C. M. Best and wife, and Mrs. Samuel Dodson are all much improved.

Mrs. R. J. Neely, of Paris, was the guest of Miss Puss Caldwell, Saturday.

Mrs. Belle Armstrong is visiting her daughter, Mary, at Hamilton College, in Lexington.

Mrs. J. R. Wallingford, of Cynthiana, was guest of her sister, Mrs. Jno. Chapman, last week.

Mr. W. C. Metcalf, wife and babe, are guests of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. A. C. Ball.

Mrs. Joseph A. Miller has been to St. Joseph's Hospital for the past week, for treatment.

Julian Adair and Will Letton left last week for Atlanta, where they will engage in business.

Will call for your Laundry Wednesday and return Friday, and the best work guaranteed. — J. WILL CLARKE.

Go to L. F. Myers meat market for the best beef and pork. Armour's cured meats of all kinds and family groceries.

FOR SALE.—6-year-old work horse, gentle, sound and all right.

FRED AUXIER.

Miss Elizabeth Wall Allen was born from Georgetown College Saturday accompanied by Lillian Carpenter, of Versailles.

FIVE CENTS PER POUND. Genuin Buckwheat Flour at "Little Co's." 5 cents per pound.

CHURCH CHIMES.

—Dr. and Mrs. Frank Fithian united with the First Presbyterian church, Sunday morning.

—Rev. F. J. Cheek preached his farewell sermon at the First Presbyterian church, Sunday. He will take charge of the pastorate he has accepted at Louisville, March 1st.

—Miss Lucy T. Brierly, of Louisville, who died recently, left a bequest of \$6,000 to the foreign mission cause of the Southern Presbyterian church.

SHOES FOR ELDERLY MEN.—Wide toes, roomy and comfortable from the start. Come in and see what we can offer you for \$2.00 to \$4.00.

CLAY'S SHOE STORE.

LOST.—Large round silver belt pin with yellow topaz in center. Finder will please return to John S. Smith's office and receive reward. (2t)



New To Paris.

This Selling New, Stylish Goods at a Sacrifice. That Paris Appreciates the New Play is Shown by the Tremendous Increase in Our Business.

Thousands of Dollars Worth

of these splendid Clothing bargains have found their way into Paris homes since we inaugurated our GREAT WINTER

Clothing Sale!

There are thousands yet to sell. You know we are not inviting you to an old, carried-over stock—every suit, overcoat, hat or arricle in our furnishing goods department is new, up-to-date, made this season and thoroughly reliable. Reduced to prices that easily convince you THERE IS MONEY SAVING HERE.

There is something more in these Suits and Overcoats than the attractive low prices. There is honest worth in the cloth, artistic effect in the coloring, a style and good appearance found only in first-class garments.

YOU CAN BUY FOR MEN.

\$3.50 Overcoats for.....	\$26.25	\$35.00 Suits for.....	\$18.75
25.00 Overcoats for.....	18.75	20.00 Suits for.....	15.00
20.00 Overcoats for.....	15.00	18.00 Suits for.....	13.50
15.00 Overcoats for.....	11.25	15.00 Suits for.....	11.25
10.00 Overcoats for.....	7.50	10.00 Suits for.....	7.50
6.00 Overcoats for.....	4.75	6.00 Suits for.....	4.75

You can buy for Boys at this same proportion—25 per cent. off.

No goods allowed to grow old here. We started this sale, determined to close out our Winter stock by the power of low price pullers. We are doing it—it's going fast.

Parker & James,

CLOTHIERS, HATTERS, FURNISHERS.

Paris,

Kentucky.

Y. M. B. O. D.

THE LARGEST STOCK OF

LUMBER,

SHINGLES, Etc.,

IN PARIS.

BOURBON LUMBER CO.

YARD NEAR L. & N. FREIGHT DEPOT.

GIVE US A CALL.

Sole Agents For Flintoid Roofing.

THE FAIR

—USE A—
HOME TELEPHONE!

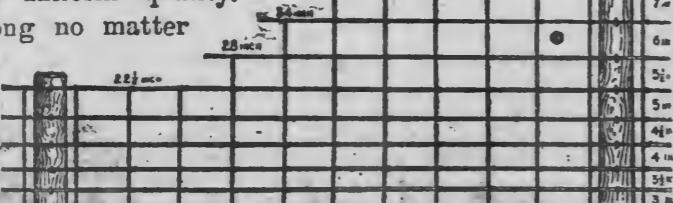
NO CROSS TALK.

LOWRY & TALBOTT,

AGENCY FOR THE

AMERICAN ALL STEEL WOVEN WIRE FIELD FENCE

Made of large, strong wires galvanized. Amply provides for expansion and contraction. Only Best Bessemer steel wires used, always of uniform quality. Never goes wrong no matter how great a strain is put on it. Does not rust, but does effectively turn cattle, horses, hogs and pigs.



EVERY ROD OF AMERICAN FENCE GUARANTEED

by the manufacturers.

Call and see it. Can show you how it will save you money and fence your fields so they will stay fenced.

R. YON'S French Periodical Drops

Strictly vegetable, perfectly harmless, sure to accomplish DESIRED RESULTS. Greatest known female remedy.

Beware of counterfeits and imitations. The genuine is put up only in paste-board Can.

ton with fac-simile signature on side of the bottle, then: John W. T. BROOKS

For Sale by W. T. BROOKS

Strictly vegetable, perfectly harmless, sure to accomplish DESIRED RESULTS. Greatest known female remedy.

Beware of counterfeits and imitations. The genuine is put up only in paste-board Can.

ton with fac-simile signature on side of the bottle, then: John W. T. BROOKS

For Sale by W. T. BROOKS

5 CENTS PER POUND. Genuin Buckwheat Flour at "Little Co's." 5 cents per pound.

THE BOURBON NEWS

SWIFT CHAMP, EDITOR AND OWNER.

BRIEF NEWS ITEMS.

THE WEATHER.—The indications are for cooler weather for the next few days.

KENTUCKY River Bottom cultivated Hemp Seed. See us before buying. E. F. SPEARS & SONS.

WILL MEET.—The W. C. T. U. will meet this evening with Mrs. Wm. Myall, from 7 to 10 o'clock.

MOLASSES.—Best New Orleans Molasses at "Little Cooks." (2t)

WILL MEET.—The Daughters of the Confederacy will meet on Saturday at 2 o'clock with Mrs. Amos Turney.

COMING.—Dr. Bowen, optician, will be at A. J. Winters & Co.'s on Thursday, Feb. 26th.

PROPERTY BOUGHT.—James E. Ford bought for his daughters, the residence of Mr. John D. Mitchell, on Stoner avenue, for \$3,000.

SEED OATS.—For Northern seed oats go to Geo. W. Stuart, directly opposite the freight depot.

COFFEE.—Eleven pounds of good bulk coffee for \$1.00 cash.

JAMES ARKLE.

PROPERTY SOLD.—Geo. R. Davis has sold his residence on Pleasant street, to L. Saloshin, for \$4,000. 'Squire Selby Lilleston has sold his residence on Williams street and Lilleston avenue, to John B. Mitchell, for \$2,250 cash.

LADIES SHOES.—Stunning styles in Ladies Shoes, \$3.00 and \$3.50 grades for \$2.50, at Thomson's.

FOR CASH.—If you bring your cash to me I will sell you groceries as cheap, or cheaper than anyone. I always have a stock of fresh groceries on hand and will sell cheap for cash. I also sell fresh meats of all kinds.

Respectfully,
J. R. ADAIR.

FINGERS OFF.—Mr. J. M. Scott, of near Shawhan, is carrying his left hand in a bundle big enough for the goot. He had the misfortune to get his hand caught in the gearing of a feed mill, and suffered the loss of two fingers.—Cynthiana Democrat.

FOR RENT.—Cottage of four rooms, reception hall, kitchen, good garden, &c., on Vine street. Apply to this office.

FLOUR.—Best patent flour \$2.40 per 100 lbs., cash, on Feb. 14th to 21st.

JAMES ARKLE.

GOOD NIGHT.—Over in Lexington, when acquaintances meet after supper, instead of saying "Good evening," it's the thing to say "Good night." There's more dumplishness and more fools to the square-inch to-day than a suffering public has ever had to suffer from.—Lancaster Record.

FRUITS.—Stuff dates and pulled figs 15 cents per pound.

JAMES ARKLE.

CLOVER SEED.—For choice clover seed go to Geo. W. Stuart, directly opposite the freight depot.

J. R. ADAIR.

MACHINERY PURCHASED.—Messrs. John Woods and John Cain have purchased the steam road machinery belonging to Bourbon county. Price, \$1,600. They have received the contract to macadamize the pikes leading into Paris for \$16.59 per rod. They have also contracted to macadamize the Maysville pike from Millersburg to Hutchinson station.

PEPPER WHISKEY.—You can buy Pepper Whiskey at 90 cents per bottle while it lasts at Saloshin & Co.'s. If you use whiskey at your house this is your chance. (t)

FLOUR.—Best patent flour \$2.40 per 100 lbs., cash till Feb. 21.

J. R. ADAIR.

AUCTION.—I will hold an auction at the old Christian church building on Friday and Saturday, and will try and wind up the sale on these dates. See advertisement. J. T. HINTON.

POPULAR AND WELL EQUIPPED.—The Falmouth Pendletonian, says: Capt. Thos. E. Moore, of Bourbon county, is being urged by his friends to make the race for the Democratic nomination for Railroad Commissioner in this district, but he has not yet decided to enter for the preferment. The district has been regarded as hopelessly Republican, but with such a fine gentleman, one so popular throughout the district, and so admirably equipped for the campaign and a faithful discharge of the duties of the office, there is a strong probability that he might wipe out that mountain of a Republican majority and land a winner.

LOST.—Between my shop and Sam Clays', Shower, Bath Attachment, rubber curtain. Same was in a wooden box. Finder can get liberal reward for return to SAM CLAY or JOHN J. CONNELLY.

Council Meeting.

At the regular meeting of the city council on Thursday night, the selection of the site for the Carnegie Library was considered. The committee made their report and suggested that the city purchase the lot at the corner of Seventh and High street. There were only four Councilmen present. Mr. O'Brien made a short talk and opposed the buying of the lot until the Council were thoroughly satisfied as to what restriction and what mode of running the library would be tacked on to Mr. Carnegie's \$12,000 donation. All were in favor, however, of the purchase, except Mr. O'Brien, who immediately left the Council room, breaking the quorum. Mr. Montgomery, who was absent, was telephoned for by the committee, so the matter could be settled in favor of the committee. Mr. Montgomery promised to come "as fast as his legs could carry him." But, as mentioned above, Mr. O'Brien had left the room, and, no doubt, met Montgomery, who "changed" his mind and failed to show up. It is said he is opposed to the purchase now. The council and committee waited for thirty or forty minutes for Montgomery to show up, but finally guessed the truth and adjourned.

ALWAYS ON HAND.—You can always find plenty of Gum Boots, Felt Boots, Overshoes, Rubbers, &c., at CLAY'S SHOE STORE.

HOSIERY.—All kinds of hosiery will be sold during our special three-days' salé—February 17, 18 and 19, Tuesday Wednesday and Thursday.

HARRY SIMON.

Fire Extinguisher at Paris.

E. W. Hicks, who is selling the Harden Extinguisher, has been in our city for ten days and has sold a number of his machines to our most prominent men—J. W. Holliday, Dr. Wood, J. T. Hinton, J. H. Haggard, the new Christian Church, Opera House, Bourbon College and R. B. Hutchcraft being among the purchasers. Mr. Hutchcraft said that by placing eight extinguishers in his elevator, he could get his insurance reduced. He said he could have stopped a \$40,000 fire with one machine. Names of towns where Mr. Hicks' machines have been used: North Middletown, Sadieville, Mt. Olivet, Berry. Sharpsburg was saved by the use of three machines.

HEMP WANTED.—We will pay the highest cash market price for hemp.

C. S. BRENT & BRO.

IMPORTANT.—Get prices on tobacco cotton at C. O. D. Store before buying elsewhere. They will save you money. (17feb-5t)

New Cotillon Club.

The young society men of this city have organized a new cotillon club to be called "The Jolly Fellows' German Club." They held a business meeting last night, at which it was decided to give a german on Monday, Feb. 23d. There are twenty-five members in the club, not including the married people. Fourteen members of the new club are ex-members of the Bourbon Cotillon Club, recently organized.

I HAVE moved my office to 625 Main street, opposite the old stand, and have a complete line of Singer Sewing Machines, supplies, etc. Give us a call. W. A. LOVELL, Mgr., Singer Sewing Machine Co.

SEVERE WEATHER.—Heavy snows and severe cold are reported from various places in the West. In Wyoming the snow is the deepest ever known and catlemen now fear serious losses.

EFFEL BRAND.—Harry Simon has secured the exclusive right for the Eiffel Brand of ladies and children's hose. There are no better hose in the world. These hose will be on sale to-day, to-morrow and Thursday, 17, 18 and 19.

Fine Tailoring.

The Hukill Tailoring Co., are in receipt of a fine stock of new Spring suitings. It will pay you to give them a call and let them show you what they have. There is nothing that shows a man off better than a good suit of clothes and the Hukill Tailoring Co., are prepared to "dress you up" at a moderate price. They guarantee a fit in all cases. They have no old stock to show you. Everything is fresh and new, direct from the importers in New York. Call and look over their stock, whether you want to buy or not. It is a pleasure to them to show goods.

CUPID'S ARROW.

Mr. Arthur Bernard Gloster, of Knoxville, Tenn., and Miss Alice Blackburn Spears, daughter of Mr. Henry Spears, of this city, will be married at the home of the bride's father, Thursday evening, at 8:30 o'clock. Only a few of the relatives and intimate friends will be present.

The marriage of Miss Blanche Victoria Hudson, formerly of this city, to Elder Harvey Baker Smith, will wed at the Methodist church at Sulphur, Ky. to-morrow night at 7 o'clock.

Jesse H. Norton and Miss Lida Lee Parker, both living near Jackstown, were married in Covington, Thursday night, Rev. Dr. E. H. Pearce, of Danville, performed the ceremony.

PERSONAL MENTION

—Mr. and Mrs. Bruce Miller are visiting in Ashland.

—Hon. Abram Renick, of Clark county, visited relatives here, Sunday.

—Miss Gertrude Hill is the guest of Mrs. Mattie Barbour, in Lexington.

—Miss Nannie Clay has returned from a visit to Miss Emily Thomas, at Frankfort.

—Mrs. J. Frank Clay visited her sister, Mrs. Sam Willis, in Clark county, this week.

—Capt. Ed. Spears, who has been ill, will leave for the South, for the benefit of his health.

—Mrs. E. K. Knapp and daughter, Miss Lucile, of Cincinnati, are the guests of Mrs. Wm. Myall.

—Mrs. Dr. Davis, nee Hukill, of Mayslick, is the guest of her father, Mr. Wm. Hukill, Sr., on Broadway.

—Mrs. J. O. A. Vaught, of Danville, has been the guest of her daughter, Mrs. C. D. Ray, who has been ill.

—Mr. S. M. Worthington arrived home Saturday from a visit at Paris, Lexington and Versailles.—Maysville Bulletin.

—Mrs. Willard Wilson, of Anthol, Ky., has returned home, after a week's visit to her mother, Mrs. Richard Barnett.

—Mrs. Gus Margoleu and daughter, of Georgetown, and Mrs. Harkins and two sons, of Somerset, were guests of Mr. and Mrs. L. Saloshin, in this city, last week.

—Mrs. R. M. Harris, Miss Nita Hudson and Miss Bertha Hinton left yesterday to attend the wedding of Miss Blanche Hudson, at Sulphur, Ky., to-morrow night.

If you need a machine for spring sewing and it don't suit to buy one call at our store and we will rent you one. We also have a full line of supplies.

SINGER SEWING MACHINE CO.,
W. A. LOWELL, Mgr.

COURT.—The regular Quarterly Court will convene this morning at 10 o'clock.

ERADELINE.—The excellent preparation known as "Eradeline," is the best on the market for removing grease and other soiled spots from delicate colored silk or worsted fabrics without injury, or leaving an odor or stain. It will also fix your rugs, furniture, etc., leaving them as good as new. One trial of this excellent preparation will convince you. Its merits are highly spoken of by all who have used it. Mrs. Wm. Hukill takes orders for this excellent preparation and is prepared to receive orders and make tailor made suits for ladies. All orders will receive prompt attention if left at the Hukill Tailoring Company. Main street.

To CLOSE OUT.—I will try and close out the stock that I have set aside to be sold at auction, on Friday and Saturday of this week. Be on hand and secure some of the many bargains that will be offered. See advertisement.

J. T. HINTON.

HIGH WATER.—Stover and Houston creeks have gone on a rampage, and have hit the high water mark. In fact, they are swollen more than they have been for many years. Reports from all over the country of very high water.

DELAYED.—A stone on the L. & N. track at Hutchison Station threw the engine drawing the Cincinnati train off the track Sunday, causing a delay of two hours.

RETURN ENGAGEMENT.—By special request, arrangements have been affected with the Sterro Specialty Co., to give another entertainment in this city, on Friday, Feb. 20th, at the Grand Opera House.

It will be remembered that this company gave an entertainment in this city, some time since, under the auspices of the Fire Company, and it was a success in every particular.

An entire change of programme will be given on the return engagement and an evening of genuine pleasure awaits all who may attend.

The price of admission has been placed within the reach of all.

A special feature will be the Electric Foun'ain dance and the moving pictures will embrace some of the best of views.

Remember the date. Prices, 35, 25 and 15 cents.

WAY DOWN.—Reduced prices on winter shoes at Thomson's.

SPECIAL bargains on a few new drop-head Singer Machines—used but little. Call and see them.

SINGER SEWING MACHINE CO.,
W. A. LOWELL, Mgr.

Fire Extinguishers Sold by E. W. HICKS.

Names of towns and number of machines in each town:

North Middletown, 18.

Sharpsburg, 12.

Bethel, 6.

Millersburg, 10.

Mayslick, 12.

Mt. Olivet, 7.

Brooksville, 14.

Germantown, 9.

Mt. Carmel, 6.

New Liberty, 6.

Berry, 18.

Kelat, 7.

Corinth, 14.

Sadieville, 18.

Stamping Ground, 12.

Cynthiana, 22.

Houstonville, 13.

Paris, 23.

SOCIALDOM.

SOCIAL CALENDAR.

Tuesday afternoon—Mrs. Amos Turney will entertain the Married Ladies' Whist Club at her home in the country.

Tuesday evening—Miss Lizzie Dickson will be hostess to the "As You Like It" club.

Wednesday afternoon—The usual meeting of the Paris Literary Club at their rooms on Pleasant street.

Thursday afternoon—The Six Hand Euchre club meets with Mrs. Buckner Woodford.

Thursday afternoon—Miss Kate Alexander will be hostess to the Violet Whist Club, in honor of Miss Moneypenny, guest of Miss Nannie Clay, and Miss Wilson, guest of Miss Margaret Butler.

Thursday evening—Miss Frances Johnson will entertain at cards in honor of Misses Lizzie and Lassing and Miss Wilson, guests of Miss Lizzie Dickson and Margaret Butler.

Saturday afternoon—The Daughters of the Confederacy will meet with Mrs. Amos Turney.

The Bourbon Cotillon Club will give its first entertainment Friday evening, Feb. 20th, at Odd Fellows' Hall. The First Regiment Band, of Cincinnati, will furnish the music.

—Miss Margaret Butler gave a very pretty tea yesterday, from four till seven, in honor of her guest, Miss Wilson, of Virginia. About seventy-five invitations were sent out and although the afternoon was rather a gloomy one, nearly every invitation was accepted. The home which is always a very attractive place, was lighted with pretty shaded lamps and candelabra, and handsome plants were an additional beauty.

—Mrs. John S. Smith entertained Saturday evening at cards in honor of her guests, Misses Peck, of Walnut Hills, and Blair, of Avondale, Cincinnati, and Miss Lizzie Dickson and her guests, Miss Taylor, of Frankfort, and Miss Lassing, of Cincinnati. Mrs. Smith is a very attractive hostess and this was her first entertainment since coming as a bride a short time ago. The party was also in honor of St. Valentine's day, the tally cards for the game of progressive euchre were heart shaped designs in red and the elegant luncheon which followed had the patties, sandwiches, jelly, salads, mints, etc., shaped as hearts, making it especially dainty and inviting.

Miss Wilson, guest of Miss Margaret Butler, won the ladies' first prize, a silver vinegrette. Mr. Will Hinton cut for the gentleman's first prize with Mr. Oxford Hinton, the former winning. The prize was a pen wiper. The guests present were: Misses Peck, Blair, Lassing, Taylor, Wilson, Lizzie Dickson, Margaret Butler, Isabel Armstrong, Frances Johnson, Eva Freeman, Mildred McMillan; Messrs. Duncan Bell, Will Hinton, Oxford Hinton, Dr. M. H. Daily, Clarence Thomas, Buckner Woodford, Jr., Charlie McMillan, Aylette Buckner, Hugh Brent, Celia Turney and J. W. Bacon.

—On Thursday evening, the elegantly appointed home of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph

THE BOURBON NEWS

SWEET CHAMP, Publisher
PARIS, KENTUCKY

NECESSARY EVILS.

We sometimes think that toll's a curse;
But we're long for lots of treasure,
And you know nothing might be worse—
Is gilded oak a pines?

I think at times we all would shirk;
But while we're here and stout it
Is not so bad a thing to work—
What should we do without it?

And money—that's just shining dross,
The root of sin and sorrow,
Too eagerly we mourn its loss,
To gain, steal, beg and borrow.

It's sordid, wretched, worthless trash,
There's little room to doubt it,
Still it is good to have some cash—
What should we do without it?

And love is cause of ill untold;
It makes us all of trouble,
In some respects it's worse than gold—
An iridescent bubble.

And still it raises us above—
Our baser selves. To scorn it
Is foolish, so we'll cling to love—
What should we do without it?

—Chicago Daily News.

The Swamp Tiger.

By Lewis B. Miller.

I HAVE worked at handle-making so long that the swamplands down about where I live call me "Ax-handle Ike." But my chief occupation is trapping—trapping coon and mink and otter. All the swampy country of southeast Missouri still abounds in fur-bearing animals.

Besides my trapping and handle-making, I usually try to preach on Sundays. My handle-making goes on all the year round, but trapping begins and ends with cold weather. Nature never clothes an animal with good fur except when it's absolutely needed.

When I have accumulated a considerable stock of furs and handles, I get somebody to haul me and them to the river or to the railroad, and then I run up to St. Louis and sell my stock. I have been going to St. Louis for years now, and the shops and factories that use my handles know they can depend on them.

There's still some large game in the swamps—deer and turkey and bear, and a good many panthers. I remember one time when a big panther came up out of the swamps and terrorized a whole settlement for a few months. That brute caused as much trouble and excitement as any four-legged thing I ever got acquainted with. Because he was so big and fierce we usually called him the tiger—the swamp tiger.

It happened a good many years ago, when I was a boy, living with my uncle on a tongue of land that ran out several miles into the swamps. The upland was too rocky and the swamp too sloppy to cultivate. But the few families that lived there were settled along the edge of the ridge, and had little farms between the two.

One day toward fall my aunt sent me over to Simpson's to borrow some bacon. I was still going barefoot, and had my trousers rolled nearly up to my knees, I recollect. I was seventeen years old, and as big as I am now. But everybody that felt like it went barefoot there in warm weather, even men 80 years old.

I crossed the ridge to Simpson's, and after talking with the boys till rather late, I borrowed a side of bacon—middling, we called it—and started for home, carrying it on my back. The middling was long and wide, but thin and rather light. Our gaunt, slab-sided swamp hogs never made thick meat. The bacon had been hanging in Simpson's smokehouse by two hickory withies, and I was carrying it by the same withies, one over each shoulder. There was a piece of tow cloth wrapped around it to keep it from greasing my shirt.

Dusk caught me three-quarters of a mile from home, and I heard what I thought was a woman calling. I didn't recognize the voice, but I had no doubt that it was Aunt Mat screaming at me. I had tarried longer at Simpson's than I ought to have done, and I felt certain she had got out of patience and started after me.

"Yes'm, I'm a-comin'" I shouted back. Then I hitched the bacon a little higher and hurried along the rocky road at a trot. The screams sounded angry—Aunt Mat didn't have a very gentle voice when she was out of temper.

Before long I heard another scream. Looking down toward the swamp, I saw not Aunt Mat, but some big animal coming up the open slope to meet me. He looked like a cat, but a cat as big as a cow. The curve of the land made it impossible for me to see him while he was on the ground, but whenever he jumped I could see him plainly enough. Every jump must have carried him eight or ten feet into the air; and now and then he would stop and give one of those loud, womanish screams.

I started to run back along that rocky road as fast as I could, but couldn't stop far enough. My hat flew off, but it never occurred to me to drop the bacon. Not far back the road forked. One fork crossed to Simpson's, the other led up our side of the ridge to Uncle Jimmy White's. It was two miles back to Simpson's, and only a mile to where White lived. So I took the fork to Uncle Jimmy's.

I don't recall feeling that bacon touch me after I got well under way. I guess it stood out straight behind,

I flew so fast. The country was partly covered with scattering bushes, and the road was rocky and soon got dark; but little time did I lose for rocks or darkness.

The panther kept right after me. Every scream sounded nearer. If I hadn't had half a mile the start, the brute would have caught me. As it was, the moment I jumped Uncle Jimmy's fence the tiger screamed not 60 feet behind.

Any other time I wouldn't have dared to go near Uncle Jimmy's without calling, "Hello!" He had the fiercest dog in the neighborhood—a dog that would try to drag a man off his horse. But this time that dog didn't even growl; he was cowering against the wall, shivering and whining like a frightened puppy.

As I cleared the fence I saw light shining through the cracks. I made a straight dash for the clapboard door. And when the latch broke and the door flew in, I went through like a rock out of a sling.

Inside I stubbed my toe and tumbled sprawling on the floor. The middle flew over my head. Uncle Jimmy afterward told everybody that the whole side of bacon hit the farther wall so hard that it left a greasy picture of itself on the logs. Uncle Jimmy was a great joker.

The old man and his wife were frightened out of their wits. They had heard the screams, and thought for a few moments that the tiger had broken in on them. They were just getting ready for him. Uncle Jimmy was loading his rifle as fast as he could, and Aunt Polly, his wife, was trying to light a pine knot at the fire.

While I was scrambling to my feet, Uncle Jimmy sprang forward, slammed the door shut and propped it with a stick of wood, but not before that dog of his had sneaked in and crawled under the bed.

Scarcely was the door shut when the tiger let out another scream, close by. Uncle Jimmy was running about the room, dragging his rifle by the muzzle. He had a bullet rammed down, and was searching every shelf in the cabin for a box of caps. Pretty soon the panther screamed again, behind the cabin now. Afterward we heard another scream, farther off.

By this time Uncle Jimmy had found his caps, and Aunt Polly had her pine-knot blazing. When they were both ready, Uncle Jimmy threw open the door, and after looking about cautiously, cocked his rifle and stepped out. I offered to carry the torch, but I wasn't very sorry when Aunt Polly insisted that she knew better how to hold it.

Uncle Jimmy tramped about the yard, with his wife at his heels, holding the pine-knot above her head. If the tiger was near, the torch would make his eyes shine, and Uncle Jimmy would put a bullet right between them. He was the dead shot.

I stood in the door, rubbing my back. The man with his gun and the woman with her torch moved slowly round the cabin. Once Uncle Jimmy thought he discovered the tiger's eyes, but before he could take aim they disappeared. It wasn't long before we heard a scream down in the woods. The beast was going away.

I stayed in the cabin a while; then Uncle Jimmy took his rifle and escorted me and my bacon home. I was afraid to go by myself.

That was the first time the swamp tiger had been seen or heard on Chinkapin Ridge; but it wasn't the last time by any means. Even the boys were afraid to go far to gather nuts, and the women and children hardly dared poke their heads out of doors. The men carried guns, especially at night. The tiger didn't show himself in broad daylight, although he was seen occasionally at dusk.

Meanwhile he was living on the fat of the land. He had feasted on our hogs and calves, and he even dragged down and killed two full-grown cows. He was a giant of his kind, and his size made him fearless.

We didn't know what became of the tiger during the daytime, but we supposed he must retreat into the swamp. One day Tim Watson saw him lying on top of a big log in the woods, asleep in the sunshine. Tim had his rifle, but instead of blazing away, he stole off and went for help.

When he got back with several men and dogs they caught a glimpse of the tiger as he jumped off the log and disappeared. The dogs growled and turned their hair the wrong way; but they wouldn't follow the trail. Trust a dog to know what not to attack!

Things went on from bad to worse along Chinkapin Ridge. Every morning some animal was missing, and the half-devoured remains were generally found.

One evening at dusk the tiger dashed up to Mason's cow-pen, grabbed a rooting pig, and carried the squealing thing off under its owner's eyes. Three different men tried to kill the big brute when he came prowling around their houses at night, but their shots didn't take effect; and the belief got abroad that the panther's skin was too thick and tough for an ordinary rifle-bullet to penetrate. That made him more dreadful than ever. Several times parties gathered to hunt him down; but the dogs either wouldn't or couldn't follow a cold trail.

Along in December the first light snow fell. That was the signal for a general gathering. All the men on Chinkapin Ridge, and all the boys big enough to use guns, came together for a rousing hunt. My uncle was in the party, and so was I. Every fellow had tried to get the gun with the biggest bore. And I remember that we were all bragging about what terrific loads we had put in. Some had rammed down two or three big balls or slugs, and others enormous

charges of buckshot. I was carrying a musket loaded with nails.

It wasn't long after noon when we started out, and an hour or two later we struck the trail, made in the snow the night before. He printed the biggest panther tracks I ever laid eyes on.

Our party followed the trail round and round over the country. By and we came to where the tiger had killed a hog. From there the tracks led down into the woods and through the woods into a ravine and up the ravine to its head, where they disappeared into a hole under some rocks.

Besides the tracks leading in there were others leading out. But we felt pretty sure that the tiger was in his lair. The dogs wouldn't go near the hole and they didn't bark. But they kept their backs bristled and watched the hole and growled. Somebody got a long stick and poked it into the hole, but he jumped back suddenly, for a warning growl came from under the rocks.

Now we knew that the tiger was at home, and every man and boy of us—there were 12 or 15 in all—cocked his gun and pointed it at the hole. We expected the tiger to come out, and stood ready to make short work of him, but he didn't show himself; and before we could devise any way to stir him out night came on.

"Let's smoke him, boys," somebody proposed. And while some of us stood guard around the tiger's den the others went to piling dead brush against the hole. When there was a good-sized pile we set fire to it.

The snowy brush burned slowly and smoked a great deal. As the fire began to crackle the tiger began to growl, and when the smoke worked into the hole he growled louder. My uncle called out:

"Be ready boys! It's either come through that brush pile or suffocate and he'll come through the brush pile."

We backed off several yards, and every gun was aimed at the point where the tiger was expected to appear. It was dark by this time—pitch dark everywhere except around the fire. For a time we could hear the tiger growling under the rocks.

We waited and waited, but still he didn't show himself. The fire climbed among the loosely piled brush until the whole pile was ablaze. Finally somebody, Simpson, I believe it was, spoke up:

"He's smothered to death, boys. That's why we don't hear him any more. No animal could live in that hole with that fire in the mouth of it. He was so afraid of the fire that he would rather suffocate than come through it."

After standing guard a while longer, we all agreed that the tiger must be dead. None of us knew that there was a little cave under those rocks.

Now we closed up around the fire and stood with our gun stocks on the ground, warming ourselves. We jolted over getting rid of our troublesome, dangerous enemy, and were going to pull straws for the skin. In fact, Simpson was arranging the straws, when suddenly something happened to the fire. As nearly as I can describe it, that blazing brush heap exploded!

There was a roar behind it, and the next moment the brush was flying, and the panther's frightful form came crashing through. As the big savage brute burst out of the fire he knocked one man down, and two or three more fell over one another trying to get out of the way. I jumped back to dodge the flying fire and stumbled over a dog.

The dog howled and as I tumbled backward the hammer of my musket struck something and the old musket exploded with a roar. The load of nails went off through the woods, but I thought I was killed.

The second leap carried the tiger away from the fire and another carried him into the darkness. About this time the men recovered from their panic and began to shoot; and they kept banging away down the ravine. The heavily loaded guns spattered fire and roared till every report seemed to split the very trees as it went echoing through the woods.

When the excitement was past we gathered around the fire again. Most of us felt rather sheepish over the escape of the tiger; but several declared that he must be mortally wounded and that we'd find him dead somewhere. But as we couldn't track him in the dark, we all returned to our homes.

The next morning we came back and took up the trail. We found several badly seared trees; but there wasn't any blood on the snow, or any other evidence that the tiger had been hit. In fact, there was pretty good evidence that he wasn't hurt at all, for we tracked him as far as we could into the swamp, and the last we saw of his trail he was still going, 15 feet at a jump. He must have been pretty badly scorched and was certainly badly scared.

For a year we half expected him to come back, but he didn't, and after that night we never heard of him again. I suppose his experience with the fire convinced him that life on the uplands wasn't very attractive. So we went back to his native swamps and stayed there.—Youth's Companion.

How He Would Know.

An inquisitive woman once asked Irof. Andree before he left on his ill-fated balloon trip: "How will you know when you have really crossed the North pole, professor?" "Oh, that will be simple enough, madam," replied Andree, with his well-known dry humor; "a north wind will become a south wind."

A VENERABLE PASTOR

CURED BY PE-RU-NA.

Pe-ru-na is a Catarhal Tonic
Especially Adapted to the Declining Powers of Old Age.

The Oldest Man in America Attributes His Long Life and Good Health to Pe-ru-na.

In old age the mucous membranes become thickened and partly lose their function.

This leads to partial loss of hearing, smell and taste, as well as digestive disturbances.

Peruna corrects all this by its specific operation on all the mucous membranes of the body.

One bottle will convince anyone. Once used and Peruna becomes a lifelong stand-by with old and young.

Mr. Samuel Saunders of Blythedale, Mo., writes: "My disease was cataract of the urethra and bladder. I got a bottle of Pe-ru-na and began taking it, and in a few days I was relieved and could sleep and rest all night. I think that Pe-ru-na is a valuable remedy. I had tried other very highly recommended medicines, but they did me no good. My physician told me that I could not expect to be cured of my trouble, as I was getting to be an old man (67 years). I feel very thankful for what Pe-ru-na has done for me."

In a later letter Mr. Saunders says: "I am still of the same mind with regard to your Pe-ru-na medicine."

Peruna corrects all this by its specific operation on all the mucous membranes of the body.

One bottle will convince anyone. Once used and Peruna becomes a lifelong stand-by with old and young.

Mr. Isaac Brock, of McLennan county, Texas, has attained the great age of 114 years. He is an old friend of Peruna and speaks of it in the following terms. Mr. Brock says:

"After a man has lived in the world as long as I have he ought to have found out a great many things by experience. I think I have done so."

"One of the things I have found out to my entire satisfaction is the proper remedy for ailments due directly to the effects of the climate."

"For 114 years I have withstood the changeable climate of the United States. During my long life I have known a great many remedies for coughs, colds, cataract and diarrhoea. I had always supposed these affections to be different diseases. For the last ten or fifteen years I have been reading Dr. Hartman's books and have learned from them one thing in particular: That these affections are the same and that they are properly called cataract."

"As for Dr. Hartman's remedy, Peruna, I have found it to be the best, if not the only reliable remedy for these affections. It has been my stand-by for many years and I attribute my good health and my extreme old age to this remedy."

"It exactly meets all my requirements. I have come to rely upon it almost entirely for the many little things for which I need medicine. I believe it to be especially valuable to old people, although I have no doubt it is just as good for the young."

—Isaac Brock.

"I am professionally a newspaper correspondent, now 79 years old. I have watched the growing power of the Peruna plant from its incipiency in the little log cabin, through its gradations of success up to its present establishment in Columbus, Ohio, and I conclude that merit brings its full reward."

"Major Frank O'Mahoney, West Side, Hannibal, Mo., writes:

"I am professionally a newspaper correspondent, now 79 years old. I have watched the growing power of the Peruna plant from its incipiency in the little log cabin, through its gradations of success up to its present establishment in Columbus, Ohio, and I conclude that merit brings its full reward."

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MONEY SAVED IS MONEY EARNED.
Wife—You must take me to the opera to-morrow night. Now, you needn't say that times are hard and money scarce, and all that. Everybody else goes, and I'm going—so there!

Husband (a smart man)—Of course we'll go. I saw the new prima donna on the street to-day—the most entrancingly beautiful creature heaven ever made. Such eyes! Such hair! Such perfect features! I wouldn't miss the opera for the world! Money is very scarce, though.

Wife—If money is scarce, why didn't you say so before? Never mind the opera. We'll go to the Old Ladies' dime sociable instead.—N. Y. Weekly.

Pleaded Guilty, of Course.
A French mayor, who at one time held the office of stipendiary magistrate, was about to perform the civil service of marriage.

"Mademoiselle X—," he said, addressing the bride, "do you agree to take Mr. Z—, here present, for your wedded husband?"

And, after the young lady had replied in the affirmative, the mayor, turning to the bridegroom, delivered himself as follows:

"Prisoner at the bar, what have you to say in your defense?"—Tit-Bits.

Generous.
"If I could only get a bite to eat," he whined.

"Why don't you work?" she asked.

"Nothin' doin' in my line," he answered. "I'm a dime museum glass eater, an' they're getting' too common."

"Poor man!" she said, sympathetically. "Come right in and you can have the two goblets and the glass dish the girl broke this morning."—Chicago Post.

Forearmed.
She—This is the restaurant where one always has to wait so long.

He—You know the reason, don't you?

"No, why?"

"Their prices are so high that they can't afford to serve any dish without first looking up the financial rating of the customer."—The New Yorker.

Reclamation.
A man reclaimed from sin was he. He'd "joined the church," that's why. The things he once did openly. He now does on the sly. —Catholic Standard and Times.

THE VOICE OF JEALOUSY.



Maizie—He told me that he'd never seen me looking so well as I do now. Daisy—Why, the rude thing!—N. Y. Sun.

His Task Lightened.
The poet thinks his lucky stars And shrinks with frantic glee, For there are lots of easy words That rhyme with 1903.—N. Y. Herald.

It May Be the Reason.
Do you know why all the world loves a lover?"

"Is that a conundrum?"

"It is."

"Well, what's the answer?"

"Because he makes such a blooming fool of himself, and the world likes to laugh."—Brooklyn Eagle.

In Pursuit of Knowledge.
"You must be asked a great many foolish questions in the course of the day," said the solemn man to the eleventh man.

"Yes, sir; I am."

"Indeed? And what are some of them?"

"Oh, same as you're asking."—Judge.

Easily Explained.
"Jennie," said the fond mother, "why do you throw your clothes on the floor that way?"

"Do you really want to know?" asked the precocious youngster.

"Of course."

"Well, it's because it's easier than hanging them up."—Chicago Post.

How It Looked.
First Office Boy—I think the boss will end by marrying my typewriter.

Second Office Boy—Why so?

First Office Boy—Why, he's kickin' already about de money she's gittin'.—Judge.

A Paradox.
"Isn't it odd," remarked the yard philosopher, "that when a man is pursuing his studies at college the faster he is the harder it is for him to keep up?"—Harvard Lampoon.

Agreed.
Wife—So they returned your manuscript? It is too bad.

Husband (who thinks he can write)—Yes; that is what the editor said about it.—Tit-Bits.

Better Than Electricity.
Agent—Wouldn't you like to have a burglar alarm put in your house?

Mr. Birks—Don't need it. I've got a N. Y. Weekly.

BIG GUN'S GREAT TRIUMPH.

Most satisfactory Results of the Test of the Sixteen-Inch Cannon.

In many respects the greatest triumph in modern ordnance was successfully tested at the government proving grounds at Sandy Hook when three shots were fired from the huge 16-inch coast defense rifle. It is the most powerful gun ever built in the United States. The three shots served to fulfill with wonderful accuracy the mathematical calculations of the army experts who had charge of the construction of the gun. It was also demonstrated that the special smokeless powder made for 16-inch guns had been perfectly prepared. The gun cost \$100,000, and undoubtedly will be mounted at Sandy Hook. The range at the highest elevation was about 20 miles, but it could be used to hit objects at only about one-fourth that distance.

Before the first shot was fired Gen. Crozier, chief of ordnance, warned those present that the gun might burst, as the charge of smokeless powder was by far the largest ever fired. The first charge was 550 pounds of smokeless powder, and the velocity of the 2,400-pound projectile when it left the muzzle was 2,003 feet a second. The pressure of the powder in exploding was 25,000 pounds to the square inch.

The full charge of 640 pounds of powder was used for the second shot, and the velocity was 2,306 feet a second, or six feet more than calculated. The pressure was 38,000 pounds to the square inch. The elevation of the gun's muzzle for the first and second shots was one and a half degrees and the ranges were 3,000 and 3,500 yards.

For the final shot the muzzle was elevated to four and a half degrees, increasing the range to 7,000 yards. The charge was 640 pounds of smokeless powder, and the pressure was 38,500 pounds to the square inch. All the shots ricocheted two or three times on the water, sending up great fountains of spray.

Whether more guns of this pattern will be built is a question. Some of the officers present expressed the opinion that a number of smaller weapons would be more effective than one huge gun. Gen. Chaffee was among those who witnessed the tests.

Just This.
Lif' bit er sunshine,
Lif' bit er song,
En strength enough ter travel
The rocky road along!
—Atlanta Constitution.

True Enough.
He—Funny thing about multiplication and addition. You may multiply nothing by a hundred, but it's still nothing; while if you add a hundred, it's different.

She—But there are exceptions. For instance, you might take the dowdy sort of girl and add a hundred-dollar hat to her, but she'd still look like 30 cents.—Philadelphia Press.

Not Up to Expectations.
Aunt Edith—And what do you think of your little baby sister?

Little Elsie—Oh, I'm drefully disappointed in her.

"Disappointed?"
"Yes; why, she doesn't look a bit more stylish than the baby our washwoman got last spring."—Philadelphia Press.

A Ray of Hope.
"I am afraid the nobleman who is to become your son-in-law has not much talent for business."

"I don't know," answered Mr. Cumrox. "If he can manage to get as good prices for other merchandise as he does for a title I'll trust him to take chances in business."—Washington Star.

An Expert Opinion.
Cohen (to fellow traveler)—Vot line of goots do you represent, mein friend?

Dr. Dippem (stifly)—Well, sir, I am collecting funds to send to our foreign missionaries.

Cohen—You've got de best end of that job!—N. Y. Times.

If We But Knew.
Lives of rich men, if we knew them, Might not seem so blamed sublime; Oft the stomachs fastened to them Keep them dopin' all the time.
—Chicago Record-Herald.

HOW SHE FROZE HIM.

FLOUR—Win. pat. 3 50 @ 3 65
WHEAT—No. 2 red. 74 1/4 @ 74 1/4
CORN—No. 2 mixed. @ 43 1/2
OATS—No. 2 mixed. @ 43 1/2
RYE—No. 2 48 1/4 @ 49
PORK—Mess 17 1/2 @ 17 25
LARD—Steam 9 60 @ 9 65
New York.

FLOUR—Win. pat. 3 50 @ 3 65
WHEAT—No. 2 red. 81 1/4 @ 81 1/4
CORN—No. 2 mixed. @ 60
OATS—No. 2 white. @ 43 1/2
RYE—Western 60 1/2
PORK—Mess 18 75 @ 19 00
LARD—Steam 10 00 @ 10 10
Baltimore.

WHEAT—No. 2 red. 79 1/2 @ 79 1/2
CORN—No. 2 mixed. 53 @ 53 1/4
OATS—No. 2 white. @ 43
CATTLE—Butchers 5 10 @ 5 25
HOGS—Western 7 00 @ 7 25

Louisville.

WHEAT—No. 2 red. 79 1/2 @ 79 1/2
CORN—No. 3 mixed. @ 50
OATS—No. 2 mixed. @ 38 1/2
PORK—Mess 17 00 @ 17 25
LARD—Steam 10 00 @ 10 10

Baltimore.

WHEAT—No. 2 red. 79 1/2 @ 79 1/2
CORN—No. 3 mixed. @ 50
OATS—No. 2 mixed. @ 38 1/2
PORK—Mess 17 00 @ 17 25
LARD—Steam 10 00 @ 10 10

Indianapolis.

WHEAT—No. 2 red. @ 77
CORN—No. 2 mixed. @ 45 1/2
OATS—No. 2 mixed. @ 30

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Public Sale OF Stock, Farming Utensils &c.

Having rented my place, I will sell to the highest bidder on

Wednesday, Feb. 25, 1903,

on the premises next to Schwartz's Lime Kiln in Paris, Ky.

6 Jersey Milk Cows, all to be fresh before April 15.

2 Grade Heifers soon to be fresh, 2 Good Work Horses, 1 2-year-old gelding, 1 2-year-old filly,

5 brood sows and some pigs,

2 male hogs, one Poland China and one Red Jersey.

10 good Shoots weighing about 130 pounds.

1 2-horse farm wagon, "Old Hickory,"

1 1-horse farm wagon, "Old Hickory,"

1 Spring Wagon with Top (good market wagon),

1 Hay Frame, good as new,

1 Wood Frame,

1 Breakcart, often been used 6 months,

1 large Cutting Box,

1 new Harrow,

5 to 6 tons of Good Clover Hay,

1 Empire Lard Press.

Plows, Cultivators, Harness and other articles too numerous to mention.

GEORGE RASSENFOSS.

M. F. KENNEY, Auctioneer. (2t)

10 good Shoots weighing about 130 pounds.

1 2-horse farm wagon, "Old Hickory,"

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